

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VII.

St. Joseph's College, May 5, 1915.

No. 16.

St. Xavier 3 — Varsity 0.

April 25 — The Varsity lost their second game with St. Xavier, owing perhaps to the fact that two of their players were not in condition for the game, and also to over-confident playing.

Base hits: 6 off Ricks, 2 off Brunswick. Stolen bases Maloney 1, Friedel 2, Scheiner 1. Struck out by Ricks 4, by Brunswick 10. Base on balls: 2 off Ricks, 3 off Brunswick. Umpires: Fr. Barth and Bro. David.

Varsity 5 — St. Xavier 4.

In a tight game played Friday the 30th, the Varsity redeemed itself and won from the Saints by one run to the good. Daily's long sacrifice drive to center and Potkotter's two bagger were features of the game.

Stolen bases: Haley, Friedel and Lackenburger. Two-base hits: Potkotter. Base hits: off Ricks 5, off Brunswick 7. Double plays: Daily. Struck out: 11 by Ricks, 11 by Brunswick. Base on balls: 4 off Ricks, 1 off Brunswick. Umpires: Fr. Barth and Bro. David.

Pill Weger was riding along through Ohio on the Pennsylvania with his head out of the car window eagerly looking for the first glimpse of his native Delphos.

"You had better keep your head inside," said the conductor, as he came through the coach.

"I guess I can stick my head out of the window if I want to," answered Pill a little irritated.

"Very well then, go ahead; but if you damage any of the ironwork on the bridges you'll have to pay for it."

Our Varsity has played on about every kind of a diamond during the past years, but it seems they are graduating from the days of poor diamonds. They are playing St. Ignatius College in Chicago this afternoon, and at the White Sox Park at that!

No Detective Story.

The lights had gone out. All was still save for the regular breathing of those sleeping. In about an hour and a half one of the springs of a bed creaked and the patter of unshod feet on the floor could be heard. "Are you going?" "Who's going?" "Come on the water's fine and there is a big moon out." So one after another these spirits of the night trailed out of the dormitory. Stop, what is that? An ungainly figure, looking as big as a giant to our imaginations, steps out, and its every gesture throws out accusations as it advances. "Ah ha, little reck they that this night's work shall be inscribed in the annals of history. One more case is added to my already long list. Down in my little book are written the names of these purloiners of forbidden joys, these disturbers of sleep."

Bugs!

Bugs are queer creatures. Sometimes when you look for them you do not see them; when you do not expect them they come in hordes. There is something about a bug that makes your hair stand on end and the shivers run up and down your back. This is especially true if the bug is found in your bed. There are a great variety of bugs, from the smallest insect that lives in the tiniest hole to the big beetles that fly about the light in the dormitories. A bug hunt is one of the most exciting sports there is. Compared to it lion hunting pales into insignificance. You can at least see the lion, while hundreds of bugs might be lying about in cracks, peering up at you and you can't get at them. Did you ever lie in bed and hear the mosquitoes whirring and wonder where they were going to strike? As one got into your ear and set his propeller going, didn't you wish he was in Timbuctoo, Madagascar or some other far-away place?

Pohlman (looking at his feet)—I may not be a prodigy in regard to learning, but I sure have a good understanding.

Out-of-the-Ordinary Occurrences

It has been known for some time that some students walk in their sleep, but the rumor, that one night last week at about twelve o'clock eight or nine seniors got up from their beds and, going down the fire escape, walked right into the lake, could hardly be believed. However, the prefect of the north side dormitory vouches for its truth.

We have all heard of such a thing as a mirage at sea or in a desert country, but Otto Keller proved a victim of one right here in Collegeville last Wednesday when, taking the prefect of the dormitory for an insect-loving person, he attempted to feed him a nice fat June bug. Like the sinners of ancient times, however, he immediately repented his mistake on his knees in the prefect's office.

John Antony, a well known man of St. Joe, has startled the student body by issuing a notice saying that he will not consent to take part in the track work this year. Something seems to have gone wrong with John, for he is said to have fanned out twice in the same game last week.

Wonderly got out of bed as soon as the bell rang last Monday morning. We could not have believed this had not Bruin upheld the report as true.

Annen holds the unique distinction of being the only student who has succeeded in diving into the lake without scratching his knees on the bottom.

Mueller bought a can of smoking this week; at least Ricks claims to have seen him with one in his possession.

The Varsity was shut out in a recent game with St. Xavier's.

Silverstein made a can of tobacco last a whole day; he is now busy telling victims of the "Gimme a little smokin'" crowd how he did it.

Two teams of the Academic League played a five-inning game in two hours last Saturday. How they did it still remains a mystery.

A IV. English student was discovered in the act of reading one of the reference books which the professor had called attention to. He denies the charge, but his denial is not necessary for only those who saw him with the book believe the story.

W. Seyfried, while batting against O'Meara, Thursday, caught one of the latter's "outs" in his mouth. His injuries are not expected to prove fatal.

St. Joe in June

Oh, for old St. Joe in June!
In the good old days of Moon;
Gravel walks and shady trees,
Summer heat and winter freeze.
From the squirrels I always stayed,
As through the shady groves I strayed;
For the mellow ice cream cone,
I might spend all I would own.
Swimming to our heart's delight,
In the day—perhaps at night;
Whispering in the study hall;
Resolutions every fall;
Though there was no fishing pond,
St. Joe mem'ries are still fond;
Oh, the bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!

Greek!

One of the greatest pleasures of a student is the Greek language. When he sits at his desk and, all oblivious to the world about him, wanders in the labyrinth of irregular verbs, he is happy. He is as pleased as a hunting dog which has run down a rabbit, when after a few minutes of diligent search, he at last finds the present of the verb he is trying to translate. If, after working about two hours, he finally translates something like seven sentences, he feels as I imagine Kufu must have felt when the pyramids were completed. Greek is difficult, but it is very satisfying when you are so far along that you can look "keimai" in the face and say, "I know you come from 'tithemi'."

LOCALS.

Krieter—I want to get some more of that goose grease, Brother.

Bro. David—Say, what do you use it for?

Krieter (innocently)—For my hair.

Bro. David—Oh, excuse me! You've been getting so much lately that I thought perhaps you had been drinking (it).

Upon hearing the general cry, "We want Hennes for the 220 dash," Halfman said slowly, "Ist dat supposed to be a joke?"

One of our new German citizens has named the days of the week in the following delightful manner: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, FREE-DAY, Saturday.

Fogarty, after a few preliminary coughs, succeeded in giving the principal parts of an irregular verb in class last Friday.

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EDITORIALS.

ADMIRERS of nature at St. Joseph's have at present an opportunity of reveling in her beauties and pleasures to their hearts' content. Old Jasper County has some lovely spots and Collegeville deserves a foremost place among them in spring. With the warm weather which we have been having the sombre landscape has sprung to new life and beauty. The front lawn with its well-mown grass, its shrubs and flower beds; the shady maple walks, the benches under the trees; the lake with its splashing fountain, the waving sea of apple blossoms sending over its sweet odor on the quiet south breeze; all these unite in giving St. Joe an inviting and picturesque appearance. When we look at the natural beauties around us here, we are filled with regret that we are not a poet; we would like to do justice to the natural beauties of Collegeville. They ought easily to furnish sufficient inspiration for some good verses. Perhaps some student of a poetic temperament, having also the power to express his feelings, will make up for what we lack. If his verses merited it we would be very glad to be his publisher.

TALK about baseball! St. Joe surely shows her appreciation of the national game. It may never have occurred to you, but if you will count them up you will find that we have 22 different active teams. There is a special interest added to the games of the Senior League and to the games between the Varsity and St. Xavier Hall. The Spalding sporting goods company has presented the college with two fine cups. One of them has been put up for the winning team of the Senior League, while the other goes to the winner of the Varsity-St. Xavier series. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that during the past basketball season there were 29 teams in existence.

College Days.

Fond memory clings to those college days,
Those half-forgotten days of yore;
Days when we rejoiced in the sun's warm rays,
Enjoying our hale by the old club door.

Those were the days that made life joyous—
This old world seemed one village green;
And with naught but the bell to annoy us,
Life was a pleasant dream.

Perhaps you'll remember, comrades,
The man who handled that sweet-sounding bell;
How he made those drones bounce from their beds—
And say, didn't he handle it well?

They say he's climbed the golden stairs
Ere this many a long, long year.
Now as we laggards lounge in our chairs,
We've shed, yes we've shed more than one lonely tear.

Ah! well do I remember the Sundays in May
When we sat in the old grandstand,
And watched St. Joe's Varsity play,
And the visitors who walked to the plate and fanned.

Oh! surely you remember those band concerts?
Yes, they had those on Sundays too;
And we talked about islands and deserts
And said we felt awfully blue.

Oh, well do I remember the lake
Where we swam and dove as a dare,
And then crawled out to shiver and shake
In that cool September air.

TO GRADS—

Weep no more companions!
Oh, weep no more today,
For we'll sing one song for the dear old school,
Ere we part to make new friends far away.

—GRAD. '15.

Leo Schaeper left last week for Bowling Green, Ohio, where he will take a summer course at the State Normal School. Since he was one of our best students we are all very sorry to lose him, and we wish him success in his new studies.

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